Volume LXV CHICAGO, JUNE 9, 1910 Number 15

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Life and Song

Life is the seed one soweth,
  Song is the springing flower;
Life is the tear that floweth,
  Song is the happy hour.

For as the seed must tarry
  Under the chilly mould,
Only to swell and carry
  Savor in every fold;

And as the tear prepareth
  Hearts for the coming bliss,
And by the pain it beareth
  Widens the soul for this;

So will a seed of sorrow
  Blossom my life along;
So will a tearful morrow
  Write me a deeper Song.

—*Richard Burton.*

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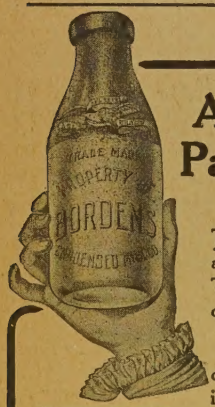

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We publish elsewhere in this issue the first sermon, "Concerning Soil: Plowing," and commend it most highly to our readers.

—From Hoard's Dairyman for January 25, 1910.
Published Weekly at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1910. NUMBER 15.

God broke the years to hours and days,
That hour by hour
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able, all along,
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders and the future, rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day,
And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burdens of the hour.

—*George Klingle.*

UNITY, some weeks ago, called attention to the itinerary of Rev. John Hunter of Glasgow, Scotland, among the Universalist churches of America. Were Dr. Hunter wearing a label it would be that of a Congregationalist, though he is a persistent advocate of the larger unity, and minimizes or ignores the unimportant theological dissensions; his message wherever he goes is one of fraternity and co-operation across lines. But he discovered a consistent and persistent orthodox man at Meridian, Conn. The pastor of a Congregational church of that city resigned from the ministerial association of the town because that association entertained the Scotch heretic. The action of this brother is also a contribution to religious progress and hastens the better fraternity.

A marble bust of Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, the late beloved pastor of the People's Church of Chicago, was presented last Saturday night with fitting ceremony to the Chicago Historical Society. The bust is the work of Miss Adelaide Johnston of Washington, and is reported as being exceedingly satisfactory to the friends. The presentation address was made by the Rev. John Eberhardt, old time friend, parishioner and whilom teacher of Dr. Thomas. In his address he characterized Dr. Thomas as "The best known and best loved citizen of Chicago in his day; the champion of the people; pastor of the pastorless; a very wonderful man who lived a wonderful life in a very wonderful age." At the close of the presentation exercises, a permanent organization of the surviving members of the People's Church was effected, with Rev. Eberhardt as president. Chicago, like most American cities, is too careless of its traditions. We congratulate the Historical Society of this city on having acquired a worthy contribution to its historical treasures.

A representative of the *London Jewish World* has been interviewing our colleague, Dr. Hirsch, across the waters, and came away with a "mingled feeling of interest, admiration, and bewilderment." We give a part of the reporter's experience in his own words, believing that the Gentile minister will find in it food for thought:

"You have abolished the Sabbath," I said, "you disregard the dietary laws, you do not advocate circumcision; you have whittled away Passover, Pentecost and Tabernacles to a special service on the Sunday previous. In what way, then, are you still Jews, in what way are you not non-Jews?"

"In historic consciousness," was the reply. "I hold that Judaism is so strong that there is room for all shades of opinion in it. Understand me I have never killed anything, and I hold that sentiment is worth playing upon. We observe Yom Kippur one day and Rosh Hashanah on another day because the people prefer to observe them on those days. We don't mention the fast on Yom Kippur. Those who wish to fast do so; others don't."

"Then," I ventured, "you follow the line of the least resistance?"

"On the contrary,' answered Dr. Hirsch, "Ceremonial religion is the line of least resistance. It is easier to put on Tallith and Tephillin and bother no more about religion and do things that are wrong in life than it is to have a conscious reason for what one does or does not, and to live up to a moral and ethical standard. We contend it is possible to have religion without ceremony in America. The Prophets took the same view."

"The Church of the Heavy Laden" is the name suggested by the Congregationalists for a movement started by the superintendent, Mr. Stelze, of the Presbyterian Department of Church and Labor of New York City. But the superintendent has christened it "'Labor Temple." Its ministrations are especially active on Sunday afternoons and evenings. Sunday afternoon there is a men's mass meeting, Sunday evening, a popular people's meeting; Monday, an illustrated lecture with moving pictures; Tuesday, social problems are discussed; Wednesday is young people's night; Thursday, social receptions; Friday, discussions of the English Bible; Saturday, inspiring concerts, folk-dances, etc., etc. Is not this a program for every church, and should not all churches and "Labor Temples" be for the "heavy laden"? If half the ingenuity and money that are now spent in trying to sustain the flagging interest of the leisure class were expended in trying to give high privileges to the laboring class of the world, the churches would be filled up and the wealthy people whose presence is so unsuccessfully courted would be the more sure to come.

Nonsense or something worse, as well as wisdom, is perpetuated in the maxims of the people, as for instance, the old saw about "whistling girls and cackling hens" coming to "some bad end," and the flaunt about "preachers' sons and deacons' daughters" as being proverbially disappointing. It is an easy task to vindicate the preachers—it has been done over and over again. The *Congregationalist* for the 4th of June has hit upon an "overlooked theme in modern journalism," namely, the distinguished daughters of the clergy. The article is illuminated with a group of striking pictures. The author, Melville Arthur Schaeffer, enumerates five prominent literary women who have grown up in parsonages, at whose head stand Harriet Beecher Stowe and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Five ladies of the White House were preachers' daughters,—Mrs. John Adams, Mrs. Filmore, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Arthur McElroy, mistress of the White House for President McArthur, and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. Three college presidents belong in this company, two well-known singers, four reformers and lecturers, ten eminent missionaries, and three distinguished English women, viz., Charlotte Bronte, Jane Austen, and Mrs. David Livingstone. But this list is provokingly inadequate. Ministers' daughters have always and everywhere been the sustaining providence, the unostentatious right hand that has furthered the preachers' usefulness and ameliorated his idiosyncrasies.

"John the Unafraid" is the title of an unique little book in purple and white, from the press of McClurg & Company, which just now is the literary conundrum of the reading public. "Who wrote it?" We do not know, but we venture to say that it is not the work of Professor Foster or of the Senior Editor of UNITY, both of whom have been so accused. But an anonymous letter from the anonymous writer assures us that he or she, whatever the sex may be, has long been a reader of UNITY, and confesses to a possible "unconscious absorption." Surely, UNITY would be proud of having had a hand in such an inspiration, for "John the Unafraid" is a modern "Abraham Davenport" who, unintimidated by a menacing comet, planet, or any other gruesome sign in the heavens, went right on with his duty, helping the sick, encouraging the weak, and co-operating with the strong. "John the Unafraid" wanted hospitals and not jails for those sick from intemperance and other results of weakened wills and shattered purposes. John the Unafraid realized that he was a partner to the wineshop keeper, and so he conferred with him concerning their common crimes and common duties. John's hands were those of a carpenter, unused to writing, but, when urged, he ventured to formulate some fragments of his creed in which he states that kindness includes his plan of salvation; unselfishness is the cornerstone of character and the rock of our salvation; fear is the greatest curse, opportunity to serve the greatest blessing. John believed that colored news is false news and that no worthy cause is helped by falsehood. But we cannot quote further. Reader, go get a copy of "John the Unafraid," read it yourself, hand it to your neighbor and ask him to pass it on.

"Church Work in State Universities" is the title of an attractive pamphlet of nearly one hundred pages containing a report of the Third Annual Conference of Church workers in State Universities, held at the University of Wisconsin, in Madison, February last. The work is carefully edited by Rev. C. J. Galpin, the Baptist University pastor of the University of Wisconsin, and Rev. R. H. Edwards, who occupies a similar position for the Congregational Church, these gentlemen being respectively secretary and president of the meetings reported. The pamphlet is an encouraging evidence that slowly but surely the free school system of America in its ultimate evolution will first enlist the confidence and then the co-operation of the friends of religion, and that the schools themselves, once having fully established their independence of priests and creeds, will welcome the frank and free co-operation of both priests and creeds, in shaping the ideals and directing the lives of the people. "I dip my pen in the blackest of ink because I am not afraid of falling into the bottle," said Emerson. So Catholic and Protestant, agnostic and believer, heretic and orthodox, are learning to trust one another enough, and, what is better and harder, to trust free discussion and the frank application of the comparative method in the study of religion and religious systems, to welcome co-operative work and collateral studies. President Galpin in welcoming the guests said:

> "We feel that you are, for the churches of the United States, the special guardians of the religious life of 50,000 students of the state universities of the United States. So far as we furnish the weather and climate of this conference, it is one preeminently, I believe, of the open door. We have been engaged in door opening, and we have closed no door. We are not afraid of religious drafts. We have no strained relationships, no delicate situations, no curtained or tabooed topics. We will gladly provide the nest in which to incubate an open conference on the intricate relationships involved in the state university religious situation. We expect an epoch-making conference, and we welcome in you this same expectancy."

The discussions were of practical character, and the representatives of various denominations, including the heretical ones, took active part. The academic spirit prevailed throughout, and there was no evidence of denominational jealousy or theological touchiness. Among the "significant tendencies" noted are the following: 1. Credit allowed by the University of Iowa for religious courses given outside the University on examination. 2. A school of religion at the Univer-

sity of Michigan, which brings together all the courses of religious instruction given by the various agencies at Ann Arbor, outside the University; a department catalogue being issued after the manner of a university. 3. A Biblical Institute at the University of Kansas, under the official direction of the university. Eminent religious leaders are the guests of the university. 4. At the University of Wisconsin a co-operative plan shared by the University Pastors' Association, co-operating with the presidents and regents of the University, by which three or four men of national eminence in religious work are invited to address the student body. 5. New Roman Catholic chapels are being erected at the University of California and the University of Wisconsin. All of these represent not reactionary, but progressive methods, liberal and not dogmatic tendencies in religion and the education that is religious.

Presidential Hallucinations

President Taft is reported by the papers as having said in a speech in Michigan last week that the great menace of our day is socialism, and in the same speech he restated the outgrown and mischievous assertion that the government of the United States is a government by party.

UNITY is as much afraid of labels in the realms of economics and politics as it is in the realms of religion. It is distrustful of much of the spirit and more of the "program" that delights to wear the label of "Socialism." But sadly blinded by partisanship is the intellect which fails to discover beneath and behind the word "socialism" a spirit of earnestness, a gospel of brotherhood, a message of altruism, which is the hope and not the menace of democracy. At this very hour, when the Senate of the United States sits in humiliation under the high-handed scandal that hangs over at least one of its members, and that member a "standpatter," loyal to the presidential contentions, it ill becomes the President of the United States to go so far afield in search of the "greatest foe of democracy" as that which, with great reason, finds its warrant in the golden texts of gospel pages.

And as to the government by party: If the President's honored Alma Mater, or any other respectable educational institution, now-a-days turns out a senior unable to discover the fallacy in this neat epigram, it is a reproach to the institution, for political independency, the transient character of political parties and the corrupting influence of the partisan spirit constitute the a b c of political science, all the trend of which is away from the tyranny of party, except when great issues are at stake and party lines run parallel with profound and fundamental convictions. By this test the "Socialist party," the "Temperance party," the "Labor party" and the "Woman's movement" have some right to be, but the credentials of the "Republican party" and the "Democratic party" have long since been revoked by the consensus of the scholarly, because not even with a microscope or with the chemical re-agents of the laboratory can the distinguishing line be discovered between these two "old parties" except a traditional one concerning the wise handling of the slavery problem, which distinction was wiped out in blood over forty years ago, and the hypothetical one of a tariff, long since become a selfish jumble of capitalistic interests which absolutely ignores all party lines.

The Australian ballot, which ultimately will abolish the party circle at the head of the column, the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum, the proportional representation, and the commission plan of city government,—all of them pointing the way which progressive democracy is going, are directly opposed to the obsolete or obsolescent doctrine of "government by parties." As issues change parties must change, the party that survives the issue becomes a menace, and the man who identifies the well-being of his country with the fate of any party becomes thereby a partisan blinded by prejudice or a charlatan whose citizenship is corroded by mercenary motives, shallow enthusiasms, unscholarly superficialty.

THE PHANTOM DOME

Seen from the Library of Congress.
The western window outward swings,
At even when the sun is low,
And there a pictured image springs,
Above the golden after-glow;
The dome above the Capitol
Has risen where the clouds are hung,
And gleaming over mint and mall
The veil of prophecy has flung.

Within the Nation's Capitol,
Where dauntless deeds were done of old,
There mocking hordes hold carnival
And sell their heritage for gold,
And dance the demon dance of death
Where Freedom built her altars high,
Though millions moan with bated breath,
"Help for the helpless, or we die."

What recks it that we swing elate
Our banners over climes afar,
That cities rise and grow so great,
That star is added unto star?
When, mindless of our brother's fate,
And deadened to the orphan's moan,
We scoff the Captain of our States.—
The Lord is mindful of his own.

Ah, not by curious cunning wrought,
Our Capitol that mounts the skies,
Of fire and sword and anguished thought,
And prayers and tears behold it rise.
Though darkling clouds are big with wrath,
And Freedom weeps her ancient home,
Yet Justice claims her after-math,
And light surrounds the phantom dome.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

THE PULPIT

Christian Unity the Basis of a World Civilization

PREACHED AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ROCHESTER, MINN., MAY 15, 1910, BY VICTOR LYNCH GREENWOOD

"That they may all be one." John 17:21.

In his Berlin speech of May 12, Theodore Roosevelt was the spokesman of the spirit of our age when he took for his subject "The World Movement."

Every great civilization so far has been provincial in its spirit. The truth it has emphasized has been local in its bearing. It has lacked the power of virile continuance for the reason that it has failed to present a common foundation upon which this civilization might be reared. This world movement of our day differs from the one-sided military or commercial movements of Mongols or Phoenicians in that some one local element has not over-shadowed all others. The world movement of today has as its basis a spirit that has burst the bands of provincialism. Just as underlying all schools of medicine is the scientific spirit and just as this today is triumphing over the age of specifics when medical truth was confined to some one "opathy," so underlying all our Christian denominations is a spirit that is triumphing over all religious provincialism. The initiative for this world movement was given, not May 12, at Berlin, but 1900 years ago by one who prayed "that they may all be one."

The spirit creating this world movement was clearly manifest in the eleven sessions of the National Missionary Congress held in Chicago May 3-6. It was the passing of this religious provincialism of which we have already spoken which was the strength and joy of the whole congress. We no longer tell the people of the non-Christian worlds that they cannot be good unless they are Christian. Our representatives abroad no longer condemn what light these people have, but they are showing that all light comes from the same source, and just as the original sunlight is better than any artificial light, so Jesus is the light and brings the clearest and fullest revelation of God. It is not sufficient to say that the old tallow candle is good enough. Neither is it sufficient to say that the imperfect light of Hinduism is good enough.

Christianity is the consummate flower of the world's religious consciousness. In a civilization that shall endure, Mr. Roosevelt says there must be character as its one great vital possession. A civilization that shall endure must possess a spirit that shall bind all men together. It must not be the commercial provincialism of a nation or a military provincialism, but it must be the recognition of an ideal that *all* men feel to be a world need. We believe that *here* will be found the inspiration of this world movement. A central fire warms the universe. A central love warms all hearts. All light, the light by which Mohammed wrote the Koran, the light that lit the pages of the Zend Avesta, all light is from one source, the Father of lights in whom is no darkness at all. And just as you and I have sat by the hearthstone and rejoiced in the liberated sunlight that has been imprisoned for ages in the dark coal, so these brothers of ours the world over have sat by their hearthstone and the gleam from the central fire of love has cheered them on their way. The electric light has but to shine to condemn a dip candle system. It was Benjamin Jowett who said, "The glory of Christianity is not to be as unlike other religions as possible, but to be their perfection and fulfillment," and it was Jesus who said, "I am not come to destroy but to fulfil."

Christianity will grow strong only as it is presented as the fulfillment of the hopes and desires of the travail of all the past ages. The whole creation travaileth and groaneth in pain together until now. That was the secret that nerved Paul to heed the Macedonian cry. It was the vision of the Christ leading a travailing and groaning creation up and up, step by step, through all the long reaches of the wondrous journey until on Calvary he made the whole universe see that the heart of eternal love was always breaking for its children and that the consummate flower of religion can be gathered on Calvary's brow alone, where in Christ all mankind shall see God reconciling the world unto himself.

My brothers, we need vision. Where there is none we perish. It is impossible for any man to sin when he looks into the face of the divine on Calvary. It is *this* that underlies the world movement. The Christ spirit is making one the hopes and desires of all men. This spirit flamed on high from the common Auditorium hearthstone in Chicago during the sessions of the National Missionary Congress. The power of the world movement today was realized as the outcome of the living of the Christ life. A bishop of the Episcopal Church sounded the keynote when he said, "Let us give up our pride, our ecclesiastical conceit, our jealousies, our inherited prejudices and our ignorance."

We are wasting more money and time and energy through overlapping than would evangelize the world in a single generation. We have been proud of our denominational shibboleths, but we had to go to the foreign field to find out how suicidal they are. These denominational battle cries do not spring from the spirit that is making a new world movement. This new world movement comes from the consciousness of a spirit at the heart of the world's life that men everywhere love and will die for, whether they are white, black, brown or red. It is not dogma, for dogma is provincial. It is the living faith in the power of pure living. The perfect revelation of this came in Jesus of Nazereth. To live his life is the glory of men whose eyes have seen the results of such living. Our civilization is enduring in so far as it has lived this life. The nations of the world see this. By the living of this life do we give assent to the fundamental truths of our faith. The congress cheered most the men who had lived this life on the frontier. The congress was the greatest gathering of evangelical Christians so far on the American continent in its repudiation of speculative theology and in its insistence that a world civilization demands as the secret of its continuance a union of all Christians on the common basis of the living of the Christ life.

I do not say that the congress lived up to this, for it did not. But the congress went on record in its demand for this Christian living. Perhaps the next

congress will respond to Sherwood Eddy in a more Christlike spirit. He is from India. He has labored there without one dollar of pay. He has poured into it his splendid mind and heart and bank account. He told of the native pastors living on a few dollars a month, and closed by saying, "I'd like to go back and raise the salary of a few of those workers, the reckless sum of $1.00 a month." It was an overwhelming appeal. I looked around. How could those rich men keep their seats. Surely I'd hear the words, "Here's the money." But no response came. One saw a sea of faces. One saw millions of money represented. One saw the perfection of machinery. One realized the urgent need. For me the light of the congress went out when that pathetic appeal fell back dead upon the stage of the Auditorium.

One other incident seemed to me unworthy of the opening keynote of the congress, the plea for Christian unity. Fortunately no laymen were present when the speech was made, for it was delivered at a conference of ministers only. As near as I can remember the speaker said, and his words sadly enough carried the ministers off their feet, "There is one thing to get this world out of hell into heaven. It is the church. You cannot Emersonize or neighborhood-house people into the kingdom. You're not going to take castile soap and a tub of water and wash men spiritually clean. Jesus said, 'I have commissioned the church.' By the church only is this wicked world going to be made right." It is time that such half truths were brought into the presence of the larger truth, viz., that Jesus values in the work of the kingdom "the inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these" far more than he values the perfection of organization. How different the inspiring charity of the Master as he said, "He that is not against you is for you," from this churchly spirit that plays to an orthodox gallery.

But again, this Christian unity will not come as the outcome of a superimposing of our occidental Christian life upon the oriental life. In the East the ambition of a young man is to be old, which may be as commendable as the ambition of old men in our country to be young. An oriental bride gets a dress at seventeen that is in fashion at seventy, which maybe is as commendable as a dress here that is out of style in seven days. East and West are conplementary. Every nation must develop religiously according to its own national spirit. The glory of Christianity is its spirit of optimism. In the East the past is good, the present is bad, the future is worse. With us the past is bad, the present is good, the future is better. Christianity gives a desire for a higher type of living than any other religion. The world that is without a knowledge of the Christ has little money, no doctors and no education. Christianity gives these. Where the spirit of Christianity is grasped there is a heroism in life that the world is amazed at. The nephew of an Indian prince became a Christian. His uncle gave him his choice between poverty and a palace, $1,000 a month, and the girl he loved. Like another Francis of Assisi he chose poverty. They put his trunk down in the mud in the middle of the road. He was not used to heavy work. He picked it up and went on with bowed head past the palace walls.

That prince was inspired, not by our ecclesiastical shibboleths, not by the church, but by the Christ life, as such men as Sherwood Eddy are living it in India, and as men here and there are living it at home. From the Vanderbilt University in our country, a medical student who had gained the highest honors in his class went to the most out of the way mission station in China on the borders of Thibet. He was five months getting there. In three weeks he sickened and died. When the news reached the university a senior in the medical school said at once that he would go and take his place, and he is there. In the flame of such sacrificial spirit all denominational barriers are being burned away. At Nankin, China, is a union Christian university. In Porto Rico there is no Protestant overlapping. In the Philippines it is the same—the territory is divided among the Protestant denominations. A world civilization is impossible if we duplicate abroad the denominational rivalry we have at home.

The foundation of the world movement then on which the bridge of life is being built, binding all peoples together, is Christian unity, fulfilling the prayer of the Master, "that they may all be one." The outcome of this great congress ought to be a higher civilization in our own small towns coming from a closer Christian Unity. There must be less of Babel and more of Pentecost. You remember why that Babel movement failed? The story is that all men were united. They spoke the one speech. Then they would build a tower. They would get to God and heaven. The longer they worked the more selfish became their aims and the more worldly their purposes. And they began to pull apart until they could not even understand each other. Years afterwards men of different tongues came together in his name. They united in him. They glorified him. They waited for his word of command and for the breath of his spirit, and when it came they understood each other as well as God and went forth on the basis of this Christian unity to build the greatest civilization the world has even seen. Pentecost glorified God. Babel glorified man. There was enough and more than enough for Paul to do at home in Palestine. But had he turned a deaf ear to the Macedonian cry, Theodore Roosevelt today would never be preaching the gospel of character as the basis of a world movement.

Let us fight no longer against this great world movement, against this world civilization, against this spirit of him who would have all one. Calvary is big enough and significant enough for us all to unite upon. The most effective life is the life touched by sacrifice. All life that is sacrificial is poured forth from the heart of God. *Here and here alone may we be one.* One of the speakers bade us remember the Chicago River in its days of shame when it was a menace to the health of that great city. Sluggishly it ran, a turbid, poisonous stream, out into the crystal waters of the lake. Then came a mighty vision backed by a mighty deed and lo, when the channel was cut the current was turned and now the whole force of Lake Michigan sends a living stream through the channel of the Chicago River on through the Illinois River and out into the Mississippi. The Chicago current is now linked with an inexhaustible supply. We need to break the bands of our provincialism. We need to get into the world movement. We need to realize its inspiration, even Calvary. We need to see it as the basis of a world civilization. We need to link up with greatness. We need to link up with God. Then and then alone will come that Christian unity which will give

a world civilization. Eyes bathed in tears of sympathy can see. Hearts that are breaking with burdens can understand. Hands that are calloused with sacrificial toil are tender. Voices that plead for the broken-hearted are sweet and musical. At the heart of all reality is Calvary, and in Calvary alone is the basis of Christian unity. Here and here alone is the answer to the prayer, "that they may all be one."

"They Went Out"

It was during the wonderful period of adolescence that I "joined" the church of my fathers, and, in consequence, was privileged to commune with the faithful. The simple scenes of the first communion stamped themselves indelibly upon the plastic mind of youth: the extending of the "right hand of fellowship," the breaking of the bread upon the silver plates, the pouring of the wine into the silver goblets, the solemn mien of the pastor, the dignity of the officiating deacons, the short prayers and intervals of throbbing silence, the bowed heads of the communicants, the moment of spiritual exaltation while partaking of the consecrated food, the hymns, and the Scriptural quotation which closed the ceremony and served as benediction:

"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out."

Significant words they were and packed with meaning even in the old thought days. What a tragedy of human weakness and inconstancy they suggested, the more pitiful because in such striking contrast with the divinest exhibition of courage recorded in the history of Man.

For the last time the disciples had supped with their Master. They had partaken of substance more potent than bread and wine. Jesus of Nazareth had set before them his last esoteric doctrines, meant for their ears alone. He had demonstrated to them the meaning of humility, service and brotherhood.

They had waxed indignant at the suggestion of the betrayal, already foreseen by him. They had protested their loyalty and love. And then, nourished by the Bread of Life, afire with the Wine of the Spirit, exalted beyond all previous occasions—"they went out."

"They went out"—to sleep, ineptitude, cowardice and rout! Even James, and the Beloved Disciple, and Peter, most vehement of all in his protestations of devotion, slept at their posts. During the hour of trial, they were wrapped in slumber, unable to offer solace or support to their Master while he prayed and struggled with the terrifying premonitions which crowded upon him.

In the hour of betrayal, it is written that they all forsook him and fled. We know how the prophecy concerning Peter was fulfilled. Thrice, before the crowing of the cock, he had denied that he had ever known Jesus, or been of his company.

Bitter and sad indeed must have been the after-reflections of his disciples upon their disloyalty and defection; for they truly loved their Master and had meant to be faithful and steadfast. Fortunately for them, and for us who read their history, the blackness of that night was redeemed by their later deeds of allegiance and heroism and their undaunted zeal in laying the foundations of the Christian Church.

"They went out." Here is a suggestive text for many a sermon from Old and New Thought platforms. Here is "a signal shown," opening up many avenues of thought to imaginations approaching the idea from different levels of experience. It is particularly significant from the view-point of modern psychology.

Professor William James, in his inspiring little book entitled "Talks to Teachers," has declared, "No matter how full a reservoir of maxims one may possess, and no matter how good one's intentions may be, if one has not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to *act*, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better."

And again: "When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate *without bearing practical fruit*, it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking their normal path of discharge."

In other words, our higher mental and emotional states may be regarded as so much capital to be carelessly dissipated or conscientiously developed, as we will.

Again and again, in the course of our lives, are the storehouses of the Spirit opened to our use. Yet how very, very few of us have learned to utilize the gifts and suggestions life brings to us. How very many of us must echo the experience which Emerson describes in "Days":

> Forgot my morning wishes; hastily,
> Took a few herbs and apples, ere the Day
> Turned and departed, silent. I, too late,
> Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

I think that the great difficulty with many of us who have embraced New Thought doctrines, is that we fail to turn our ideals and aspirations, our moments of exaltation, our fine impulses and emotions to practical account. And, in proportion to our knowledge of the underlying principles of self-development, are the results disastrous to the work of character-building. Our state is then worse than that of those who "seeing, see not" and "hearing, hear not," for theirs is the state of ignorance and the same responsibility does not attach to their mistakes. With us, it is true "backsliding," and the previous state is only to be regained at the expense of painful effort and increased watchfulness.

Sembrich, singing the "Mad Song" in "Lucia di Lammermoor"; the rising and falling cadences of "The Pilgrim's Chorus" in the operatic performance of "Tannhauser"; the sight of Orion's march across the clear, winter skies; June nights; a stroll along the sea-shore at dawn, or when the rising moon is laying her silver path across the waters; a walk in the woods in autumn; the almost pathetic devotion of our animal friends; the contemplation of a happy child's innocence and trust; excited and laughing boys, afire with the zest of some new adventure; the joy in reunion with one's dearest friend, after long absence; the appreciation of some fine and moving passage in prose or poetry,—all these, in our common experience, have touched, at some time or other, the secret springs of being and, without being able to tell exactly why, we have been strangely exalted beyond our ordinary levels of sentiment and feeling. We have all been moved to tears by such simple stimuli as these, and usually we have been ashamed of the emotion.

During such moments as these, we have stood very close to the Cosmic Heart; we have been, as it were, in

the center of a vortex of world forces. These were divine, creative moments; but, alas, like the disciples of old, we have "gone out." "The light that never was on sea or land" has died down into the light of common day; we have left the high places of the spirit and descended to the flat levels of mediocrity.

Such moments are all too rare; like opportunity and other golden means which come our way from time to time, if not seized and utilized in the soul's work of self-expression, they come no more. Our ears grow dull and no longer receive the monitions of the unseen; our dæmons forsake us.

Let us learn, then, to appreciate and cherish these opportunities for growth and expansion. Let us carry our high thoughts into high actions. Let us cherish the divine fire, through whatever simple medium its flame be fed; but, most of all, let us endeavor to transmute the Promethean energy into deeds that shall warm and stimulate the hearts of men.

After all, the difference between our thoughts and our actions is that expressed by the terms "potential" and "kinetic" energy; a difference only in expression. But the danger for us human beings lies in the fact that the neglect of opportunities for self-expression leads inevitably to the atrophy of the faculties involved. After a while the buried talent loses whatever intrinsic value it formerly possessed.

Let our ideal be, in a new sense, the search for the "philosopher's stone," the secret of the "transmutation" of energy. When Sembrich again has sung us off our feet, when we have heard again the footsteps of Persephone on the hills and dales, summoning forth the young green shoots and leaves, and stirring in our own breasts the old wonder and unrest; when we have again lifted up our hearts in awe and rapture to the starry hosts and the immensity of the cosmic plan they serve to illustrate, and tasted again of the delights of the "dear love of comrades"—in the name of God, let us strive, in the white heat of our emotion and high desire, to forge upon that anvil of the inner shrine, something of service and use. Let us not go out with empty hands and hearts worse than empty in the ensuing reaction.

What is the purpose of life, if it be not a struggle for self-expression, an unfoldment of the potential man into the concrete man of character and deeds? And what is self-expression itself but another name for work? We visualize our ideals and our desires in our work; we overcome in the faithful performance of our duties. Happy indeed is the man who has found his work!

Let us go out—but let us go out with strong hearts and willing hands; not dreamers and hearers of the Word only, but as doers let us fare forth. The prayer of the twentieth century has become, "Give us this day our daily work." Nothing is more stimulating in this connection than Carlyle's passionate exhortation in "The Everlasting Yea":

"Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called today; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work."

ADELAIDE W. GUTHRIE.
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SONG OF LIBERTY

One of the four flags which Commander Peary flew at the North Pole was presented to him by the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, October 12, 1891. Ella Wheeler Wilcox commemorated the occasion by the following poem:

"Fair Freedom's ship, too long adrift,
Of every wind the sport—
Now rigged and manned, her course well planned,
Sails proudly out of port;
And fluttering gayly from the mast
This motto is unfurled—
Let all men heed its truth who read:
"Fair Freedom rules the World!"

The universe is high as God!
Good is the final goal;
The world revolves and man evolves
A purpose and a soul.
No church can bind, no crown forbid
Thought's mighty upward course;
Let kings give way before its sway,
For God inspires its force.

The hero of a vanquished age
Was one who bathed in gore;
Who best could fight was noblest knight
In savage days of yore;
Now warrior chiefs are out of date,
The times have changed. Today
We call men great who arbitrate
And keep war's hounds at bay.

The world no longer looks to priest
Or prince to know its needs;
Earth's human throng has grown too strong
To rule with courts and creeds.
We want no kings but kings of toil—
No crowns but crowns of deeds,
Not royal birth, but sterling worth
Must mark the man who leads.

Proud monarchies are out of step
With modern thought today,
For brotherhood is understood
And thrones must pass away.
Men dare to think. Concerted thought
Contains more power than swords;
The force that binds united minds
Defeats mere savage hordes.

Man needs no arbitrary hand
To keep him in control;
He feels the power grow hour by hour
Of his expanding soul;
In God's stupendous scheme of worlds
He knows he has a place,
He is no slave to cringe and crave
Some worthless monarch's grace.

As ocean billows undermine
The haughty shores each hour,
Time's sea has brought its waves of thought
To crumble thrones of power;
And one by one shall kingdoms fall
Like leaves before the blast,
As man with man combines to plan
Free nations formed to last.

Columbia balked a tyrant king
And built upon a rock,
In Freedom's name, a shrine whose fame
Outlived a century's shock.
Now France within our port has set
Her symbol of re-birth.
Her lifted hand tells sea and land
That Freedom lights the earth.

One mighty church for all the world
Would make men far more kind.
One government would bring content
To many a restless mind.
Sail on, fair ship of Freedom, sail
The wide sea's breadth and length,
Till worlds unite to make the might
Of glorious Freedom's strength.

THE STUDY TABLE

Ananda Mohan Bose

From far away India, land of mystery, just waking to power, comes the life-story briefly told of a modern saint who made patriotism his religion and social service his divinely appointed task. Ananda Mohan Bose, Calcutta, thrice member of the Legislative Council of Bengal, Founder of the Indian Association, Fellow of Cambridge Wrangler, Advocate of the High Court of Calcutta University, Founder of the City College, member of the Education Commission of 1882, joint-founder, with Durga Mohan Das and Dwarkanath Ganguli, of the first institution in India for the higher education of women, President of the National Congress and leader of the most advanced section of the Brahmo-Somaj, was in none of these high functions the bearer of a merely honorary title. As educator, pleader, politician, agitator, organizer and social reformer, he threw all the power of his great intellect, high culture and warm heart into every movement for the uplift of his beloved motherland. He shrank from no drudgery and his eloquent voice was at the service of every good cause. He earned by his profession only that he might spend the more freely in other work for others' needs. It is impossible even to enumerate here all his varied activities. One who would know the meaning of the present upheaval in India cannot do better than read the thirteen chapters of this small volume entitled "The Family," "Education and Early Life," "Initiation Into Brahmoism," "In England," "Profession," "Public Life," "Political Work," "Educational Work," "Religious Work," "Work in England," "The Nation's Tribute," "The Last Days" and "The Man." Then the interest is only whetted for the seventy-nine pages of appendix in which are gathered some notable addresses and from which may be formed some idea of the quality of his thought, the force and beauty of his speech.

Rajah Ram Mohun Roy had "inaugurated a new era of intellectual, social, and religious activity and reform in India," and had died in Bristol in 1833, fourteen years before the birth of Ananda Mohan Bose. But the life of the latter may fairly be said to cover and be bound up with the rise of the spirit of Indian nationalism. He was the first to urge and apply the method of constitutional agitation in India to bring about needed political reforms. Finding the way blocked by conservative and reactionary officials, he "carried the war into Africa" by a series of tremendously popular speeches in England, attempting to influence the members of the House of Commons through their constituencies. But there the hoped-for results were practically nullified by frequent changes of the party in power. Then came the third stage in the process of forming a new India, the unification of its intelligence and patriotism irrespective of local and racial differences. This was his crowning work. His public career fitly closed with his appearance, "barefooted, fasting, and in pure Indian garb, with numerous *rakhis* of saffron thread tied round his wrist," before an assemblage of fifty thousand people, to lay the foundation stone of the Federation Hall in the name of a united India, on the very day when the hated partition of Bengal went into effect. Apropos to this occasion, Sister Nividita, an Englishwoman writing under the caption "Ananda Mohan Bose as a Nation Maker," in an appreciative chapter prefixed to his biography, aptly says: "In that hour there was found one man clear-eyed enough to see that the story of the past was a tale only of experiments; high-souled enough to acclaim that banner round which the armies of the future were already gathering; and by universal consent worthy to confer the chrism and *abhishek* of a new life on the Indian nation of the dawning age. Few men have attained the spiritual triumph of giving welcome and benediction to that ideal which supersedes all for which they themselves have worked and striven. A. M. Bose, however, did this by instinct, and with his whole heart. Never did it occur to him that he had worked for anything but the Motherland. Never did he dream that his labors or his party had been anything in themselves. And this perfect selflessness,—making such conduct seem to himself only simple and natural, keeping him never for a party, always for the whole,—marked him out for the part of high-priest at the great ceremony of October 16, 1905, and made of his presence there, clad in the sanctity of approaching death, not a political demonstration merely, but a nation's birth and consecration." The temptation to quote farther is all but irresistible.

The author of this biography, Hem Chandra Sarkar, M. A., Editor of the *Indian Messenger,* and traveling missionary of the Sadharan Bramo Somaj, friend and disciple of Ananda Mohan Bose, has written with admirable modesty and self-effacement. The two men married sisters, but closer than any social or family ties are the sympathy and affection bred of a common purpose, a like devotion to the same high ideals and a perfect spiritual harmony. "The blessing of the poor old woman was more precious to him," says this biographer, "than the eloquent eulogy of a Governor General in the *Official Gazette";* and continues, "the secret of all this was his religion. His life indeed was altogether the outcome and external manifestation of a soul consecrated to the service of God."

The West would do well to take note of this heroic brother of the East. England knew and honored him, for she met him face to face and recognized in him an equal of her best. America finds it hard to see so far; but, through this illuminating book, it is possible to obtain a fairly adequate conception of an earnest and noble spirit, whose great benevolence and sweetness endeared him, not only to his immediate relatives and friends, but to the whole people whom he served with loyal and unstinted devotion.

EMELINE HARRINGTON.

*A Life of Ananda Mohan Bose, by Hon. Chandra Sarkar, M. A. Published by A. C. Sarkar, 16 Raghmath Chatterjis. Street, Calcutta. Price, 2 rupees, postage 2 annas.

More Books

From Funk & Wagnalls I receive "Dominion and Power," a book by Charles Brodie Patterson. This volume is in its seventh edition, and seems to be meeting with a good deal of favor. The key note to it is that God can be recognized by each man in his own individual life. I do not find in the book anything very fresh or original. The assertion that in a higher state of civilization we shall all work in perfect co-

operation is very probable. I do not quite like the sound of some passages like this, "All spiritual marriage has God as its foundation," and a good deal more that seems to imply that there is an affinity between certain souls that will draw them together—in other words it can be interpreted as Dr. Herron interpreted it, or otherwise.

From the same publishers comes "The Dethronement of the City Boss," by John J. Hamilton. This book is a capital exposition of the Commission Plan, which started in Galvestor and is now spreading quite rapidly throughout all the states. The book is well gotten up for reference, and the results in five typical cities are summed up admirably.

From the same house I get "Types from City Streets," by Hutchins Hapgood. This book may be of some value to students of character, and as a psychological study. It certainly opens a novel world, almost an unknown world—full of originality. However, I do not care to have it lying about my family table. I do not believe it is necessary or wise for the ordinary reader to meddle with it.

From the same house comes "Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy." I think this book can be read with decided advantage by anybody. It is written by Dora Melegari in French, and translated by Marian Lindsay. It seems to be thoroughly wholesome, and filled with the higher idea of Christianity. It teaches universal brotherhood, and a common fatherhood. It is intended to make lives happy; in other words, it is clean, healthy, and it is bright. You will not get tired if you have no other book in sight for the next vacation that you take.

From the same house comes "The Crowds and the Veiled Woman." I have not read this book quite enough to make sure of it, but my impression is rather confused. I do not believe it to be a book at all suitable for young people, and I am not quite sure that it is the thing for anybody.

From the same house I get "Nervous States: Their Nature and Causes," by Dr. Paul Dubois. Now I am on safe ground, for here is a book that deals with the body and mind in a thoroughly scientific manner, and it will prove useful to every mature person. The author has largeness of vision and a noble spirit as well as scholarly attainments.

From the Arcadia Press I get another of Bolton Hall's books. It is called "Life and Love and Peace." There is a lot of good in the book, as there is in all of Mr. Hall's books. It is summed up in this, that a man can have just as much peace as he can enjoy. The book is certainly good in one thing, that it teaches joy in human brotherhood and it teaches joy also in the Universal Life.

From Lothrop, Lee and Shepherd of Boston I find on my table two thoroughly good young folks' books. The first is "Lookout Island Campers," and it is clean, wholesome, and there is not a dull line in it. The author is Warren L. Eldred. The other volume is "Mother Tucker's Seven," by Angelina W. Wray; not a very startling book in the way of genius, but it is full of good spirit and is decidedly helpful.

I cannot go through a season with the American publishers without a conviction that the average publisher is a puzzle. In more cases than one I receive from the same house the most intensely orthodox and the most advanced heretical books. This is not the worst of it; I get from the same house novels of the very highest character, and coarse spun rugs of social disease—novels vulgar in spirit, and not always choice in language. Some of these books do not belong anywhere under the heading of literature. They simply are the expression of mongrel street life, or den life. What will you make of a publisher of this sort? Is he so secure in his self-salvation that he can safely damn other people? A publisher should have convictions that would give character to his publications. Anything but a publishing house that runs anything through it for cash. E. P. POWELL.

Tower Hill and Miss Charity Dye

Two delightful experiences for two weeks open to ten teachers. Many of our experienced teachers who are reasonably proficient yet feel the desire for helpful communion with the wise in the wisdom of the heart and soul as well as of technique do not find their need met by even the university summer school. There is too little opportunity for real communion and too much of the work must be adapted to immature minds.

Tower Hill is a quiet retired spot on the Wisconsin River about three miles from Spring Green, Wis. It is dedicated during the summer months to communion with nature, including in that term the human and divine elements. The presiding genius and inspiring guide in this life is Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago. The "Hill" is the Mecca of those who established it and for over twenty years has drawn them to an annual hegira. Most of these have their own cottages but there are provisions for a limited number of friends of this desire to rest in an atmosphere nourishing to high thinking and wholesome doing.

A number of teachers belong to the established summer population and this year more are invited to share the opportunity of two weeks' association with Miss Charity Dye, of the Indianapolis High School. Miss Dye is a spring of living water who has brought freshness and delight into the work of teaching composition. She is the source of much of the best practice which through letter writing, dramatization, the history pageant, etc., has made expression in language the power and delight of culture in the school as it has always been in the literature of the world.

But ten more can be well accommodated. Those interested may address inquiries to the editor of *School and Home Education*, who will see that the necessary information is given. July 17 to 31 is the time of Miss Dye's work. The cost for two weeks on the hill will not be over $25.

—*From School and Home Education.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE WALT WHITMAN FELLOWSHIP

It is sixteen years since that very broad and elastic organization known as the International Walt Whitman Fellowship came into being. With a minimum of officers and machinery, no fixed dues and no red tape, it yet proves itself a very live institution by the numbers that annually gather in New York to commemorate the life and teachings of the "Good Gray Poet" by a meeting and a banquet on May 31, the anniversary of his birth. Only once has it been possible for your correspondent to attend one of these New York gatherings. That was in 1907, when she made a flying trip from Asheville, N. C., on purpose to attend the Whitman dinner. Interesting as the occasion was, she would have felt a little lost in this gathering of over a hundred guests had she not fortunately been discovered by our whilom Chicago friend, Miss Johnston of the Kindergarten Magazine, whose father was a personal friend of Whitman, and is a member of the Fellowship Council. The seventeenth annual convention held last week at the Brevoort House, had, as usual, two sessions: an afternoon one, at three, "devoted to a deliberate program of addresses, readings and music, and one in the evening, at seven, for dinner and informal speeches."

Still less formal than these New York gatherings are those of the Chicago branch of the Whitman Fellowship, which are of considerably more recent date. Its only officer is a secretary, Dr. Morris Lychenheim, and he, by the way, is a brother-in-law of Horace Traubel, Whitman's old-time secretary, who is secretary and treasurer of the parent society.

The Chicago Fellowship has had hitherto no permanent meeting place. Last year, when I first made personal acquaintance with its membership, the dinner was held in one corner of a downtown cafe, where we gathered at little round tables set and served with most democratic simplicity. At that dinner, Rev. Walter MacPherson of St. Paul's Universalist Church, who had been conducting a Whitman study class in his church all winter, was called on to preside over the after-dinner speech making and did so most acceptably. This year he extended the hospitality of his church to the Fellowship. The spacious chapel with its warm coloring, the long tables with their snowy napery, pink decorations and candles, looked very attractive on so chilly—not to say cold—an evening as that of May 31, nor could one observe that the churchly surroundings affected to any appreciable degree the frank and fearless utterance of the speakers. Rather it was felt that the church was here really coming to her own, and that it was a hopeful sign of the growing unity of the spirit when pastor and people were ready cordially to welcome under their roof men and women whose views might be in some respects widely divergent from their own.

I shall not attempt to mention the names in suggesting some of these interesting divergences, for most of the speakers were not personally known to me, and having no list of them at hand to refer to, I should probably make a mess of it were I to attempt to tell who's who. Few indeed are the gatherings I have attended where every utterance seemed to bubble so frankly and spontaneously from the innermost life of the speaker with no fear of giving offense or being misunderstood, no matter how divergent from that of some other. Mr. Hanchett, who presided, after some words of graceful acknowledgment to our host, opened the tributes to Whitman on a more spiritual plane than a stranger might have expected from his rather fleshly exterior, while the lithe and active little pastor responding, declared, with evident emotion, that to him this was far more like his idea of the first communion, the historic love-feast, than the ordinary ecclesiastical one with its formal bread and wine. On the other hand, it spoke well for loving loyalty to conviction all around and respect for it in others, that certain speakers could frankly admit Whitman to be a more real presence and power in their lives than Jesus of Nazareth. Much more might have been said from the opposite point of view had time allowed, and I think there will be some day—for the challenge to comparison is a very suggestive one.

Then there was the speaker who brought in socialism, stating that he found most socialists to be disappointed politicians, men who had failed in graft, while a dear sister in telling what Whitman had done for her, smilingly said: "And I, Mr. So-and-so, am a socialist." Very interesting in fact were the testimonies of the few women who did not decline to speak, their utterances being all touched more or less by a sense of gratitude for personal experience.

It was with evident pleasure and satisfaction that the little assembly of some fifty men and women accepted the invitation to meet again next year in the same place, and it was unanimously voted that measures should in the meantime be taken to make the Fellowship more generally known and to secure a fuller attendance of Whitman lovers when the birthday comes round again. This, none the less for the prophecy voiced by several that the time will come when Whitman will be regarded more as a principle than as a man.

M. E. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED

B. W. HUEBSCH
- Health and Suggestion. Ernst von von Teuchtersleben. $1.10.
- Latter Day Sinners and Saints. Edward Alsworth Ross. 50 cents.
- Development of Christianity. Otto Pfleiderer.

A. C. MCCLURG & COMPANY
- Abraham Lincoln. The Tribute of a Century. 1809-1909.
- Nathan William Mac Chesney. $2.75.

BLOCK PUBLISHING COMPANY
- Modern Jewish History. Maurice H. Harris.

BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, N. Y.
- A Valid Religion for the Times. Parley P. Womer.

PUTNAM & SONS
- Arms and the Maid. Rafael Sabatini. $1.25.
- Flower of Destiny. Old Days of the Serail. Margaret Mordecai. $1.50.

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY, N. Y.
- The Wonders of Life. Ida Lyons. $1.00.
- George Sand. René Doumic. $2.75.
- The Devourers. Mrs. Chartres. $1.25.

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